

Maxwell's Crossing

Shelton State Courier's Annual Literary and Fine Arts Publication



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The An Atrium Christmas *Quest* It's All About the Line, Dude

more pictures on Page 4



By Matt Celozzi, Editor
and Jonathan Chamblee

On Nov. 16, thousands
of video game enthusiasts



and would-be entrepreneurs
lined up around the nation
to buy a Sony Playstation 3.
Regardless of whether their
intent was to play it or sell it
for an astounding profit,
everyone who waited had to

See *Quest*
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*With shopping
choreographed
by Susan
Looney, the
ensemble of A
Dickens of a
Carol sings
about how
Christmas
comes earlier
each year.*

It plays in T-town but will it in Peoria?

There is an old saying
in show business: "How
will it play in Peoria?"
The expression was reput-
edly coined by Groucho
Marx as he worried over a
new vaudeville act and
how mainstream America
would accept it.

The world premier of
A Dickens of a Carol in the
Bean-Brown Theatre on
Dec. 8 seemed very well
received locally, indeed.
But then the musical's
authors, Stephan de
Ghelder and Brad
Simmons, were in the audi-
ence (Simmons even per-
formed the accompani-
ment). The thrill of being
the test market for a new
theatrical work was, no
doubt, a factor in the
enthusiastic standing ova-
tion the play received.

Nobody in the tri-
county area should miss
the chance to be a test audi-
ence, for they all will cer-
tainly be amused.

Part of the fun of being
way-way-way off
Broadway, though, is to be
in a position to express
your reservations, as well
as your approval.

The play and the play-
ers are sharp and funny, but
it seems to need some work

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et al...

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irrepressible Henri...Page 3
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The Quest From Page 1

battle time, the elements, and each other in order to get their hands on the hottest new gadget.

The following is an account of what occurred when four excited young people decided to try and wait it out amongst many other impatient, and somewhat childish consumers. The dialogue has been pulled verbatim from a video recording capturing the events as they unfolded. Some of the names have been changed to protect the innocent, though not many of those involved would actually fit that criteria.

Melissa, Jonathan and Matt are careening down I-59 towards Birmingham in Melissa's white Chevy Cavalier. Melissa is driving with Jonathan riding shotgun. Matt sits anxiously in the backseat. Jonathan manipulates a Sony camcorder, trying to make the battery fit. He succeeds and turns the camera on, aiming it first at the driver, then towards the backseat at Matt.

Melissa: Jonathan, what are you doing?

Matt: Crunch Time, baby, one last shot. *(Matt flashes a nervous peace sign at the camera).*

Jonathan (training the camcorder at the speedometer): Melissa's, goin' 85 in a 70.

Matt: Ha, ha, ha.

Jonathan: Well, its 9:58 not actually 10:58; the clock's an hour fast.

Melissa: It's an hour fast and 3 minutes slow.

Matt: That makes sense.

Jonathan: But, um, were gonna try, it's our last, last shot, try this Circuit City. Pretty long shot but were gonna try it anyway. We called and they only had four people in line so, it's the least so far. It's about another, like 45 minutes to get there.

The trio arrives at their destination in record time. Not to their surprise, there were more than four people already waiting. Jonathan does some quick counting to see what they're up against. With this store getting twelve units according to , he decides that being eighth, ninth and tenth in line might suffice. But some of the kids in the front of the line start in immediately with the antics. One of them, wearing pajama bottoms and flip-flops despite the forty degree temperature, steps forward to give our heroes some "friendly" advice.

Kid in Pajamas: You guys might wanna try Best Buy or some place else.

Nice Indian Guy (to father): I went to Best Buy and there already 15 people.

Nice Indian Guy's Dad: Ok, here is you spot, he is in front of you, these people behind you.

Nice Indian Guy: the best we can do *(fades off)*

Jonathan: That guy there he got out of line.

Matt: Yeah.

Jonathan: He got out of line and I saw it *[misc. kid 1]*.

All: Ha, ha.

Matt: This is serious man, ya know, I know they'd do it to me if I jumped out of line.

Jonathan: Uh he just got out of line *[misc kid 2]*, I mean this is this is serious stuff, I mean....

He got out of line *[yellow jacket]* he got out of line *[short guy in red cap]*.

Matt: Man, they were never in line

Jonathan: Yeah, Yeah.

Matt: That's the front of the line right there, that dude in the black jacket

Jonathan: Yeah that's that's the front of the line, as far as I'm concerned.

Matt: These guys are gonna have to leave, there's no way their gonna get one.

Jonathan: He just got out of line.

Matt: That guy is definitely gone.

Jonathan: They all got out of line, yeah here we go, he just walked back up here.

Matt: He's gonna get out of line.

Jonathan: This guy is not in line he has officially lost his spot *[quiet Indian kid]*

Matt: All these guys have got out of line.

Jonathan: Yeah, the ones that haven't moved out of line. This guy he didn't move out of line *[misc. kid 2]*, and this guy right here he didn't move out of line *[short Indian kid]*, but everyone else has moved out of line they got two spots up there that it. We're in this thing for blood now there is no turning back.

Matt: *(mumbles something about getting out of line, then approaches the front of the line to confront the pajama kid, speech is not loud enough. Begins walking back)* You guys broke the rules.

Jonathan: You guys all got out of line, you broke the rules

Matt: We'll see, you guys all got out of line, we got it on camera.

Jonathan: Yeah I got it on camera here; you guys got out of line.

Everyone at the end of the line laughs

Nice Indian Guy's Dad: You're nice. *[towards Matt]*

Matt: You're a good guy, man

Nice Indian Guy's Dad: I'll come back to see you *(exits)*

Matt: Thank you. He is getting out of line dude. *[yellow jacket]*

Jonathan: Yeah there he goes, proof, he is walking away from the line, away from the store, he has officially crossed the street. You can't get any further out of line than that.

Matt: I mean, he is walking across the parking lot. If I did that they would take my place man.

Jonathan: I mean...

Matt: I wouldn't do that if they didn't lie to me to begin with.

Jonathan: Yeah, I didn't see 14 people.

Nice Indian Guy: How many do they have?

Melissa: They have 10.

Nice Indian Guy: They have 10 of them!!!

Jonathan: Yeah, so if any of these guys leave we got one for sure, they got out of line I got it on camera. This guy stayed *[misc kid 2]*; he hasn't moved out of line, this guy hasn't moved out of line *[short Indian kid]*.

That's two people, that's two people, two spots, two spots, two spots, you guys have two of them, you guys have two, you guys have two

Matt: All but two of you guys left the line

Jonathan: Every one but two of you left the line

Matt: We'll see, dude

Jonathan: Every one but two left the line, so I mean...

Melissa: Jonathan, Shut Up

Jonathan: You guys have two PlayStation 3s to share between all of you

Short guy in red cap: Were you here last night?

Pajama Boy: Are you gonna make us do this, are you gonna physically make us move out of line?

Jonathan: I got, I got, I got it on camera.

Matt: Naw, Naw, Naw, Naw, Naw, Nobody is physically making any one do anything.

Pajama Boy: There no law there's not a law dude. We're standing in line.

Matt: You went; you went across the fricken parking lot like four times, man

Pajama Boy: Who ***** cares.

Matt: You ***** lied to us.

Jonathan: Oh, *(advances to number one place in line)* okay, oh I'm first, I'm first.

Pajama Boy: See the district manager just came out here...

Short Guy in Red Cap: The district manager told....

Pajama Boy: and said hey since you camped out y'all guys are gonna be first in line, so, y'all have fun.

Jonathan: Well you guys left the line, you left the line.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Yeah and you can take that ***** camera off me, too.

Jonathan: I mean you guys left line, he didn't leave the line and he didn't leave the line.

Short Guy in Red Cap: You know that

Jonathan: But everyone else I saw leave the line.

Pajama Boy: Well, they were standing in

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Maxwell's Crossing

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The Shelton State
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An Ink-Stained Wretch Takes a Meeting with Dr. Cloggus

A One-Scene Play

By Henri Cheramie

Lights up on a man dressed in a blue jumpsuit. He is sneering. This is Dr. Cloggus. He's your common comic book villain: bald and a piercing stare. He is holding a rock and petting it as if it's an animal. In walks Mike Kowenowski. He's young and seems very nervous. He's wearing a suit and tie and has a briefcase.

Mike: Excuse me?

Dr. Cloggus: WHO ARE YOU?

Mike: (jumps and cowers at being yelled at) I am Mike Kowenowski. I am the ghostwriter from Burlap Publishing. My firm sent me to help you write your book.

Dr. Cloggus: I sent you my manuscript!

Mike: Mr. Cloggus...

Dr. Cloggus: Doctor!

Mike: Dr. Cloggus, what you sent us... Old soiled newspaper with crayon scribbles... was indecipherable, but we want your story so bad, Burlap Publishing sent me to get it from you.

Dr. Cloggus: Well, I can't write... I may be a Diabolical Genius, but that doesn't mean I am literate. So, tell me... how did you die? Was it gruesome? Did they impale you?

Mike: Die? What are you talking about?

Dr. Cloggus: You said you were some sort of ghost...

Mike: Ghostwriter. It means I write for the person if they are incapable of writing or too busy to write.

Dr. Cloggus: So, your job is a lie? You lie to people for a living?

Mike: Yeah, I guess.

Dr. Cloggus: I like it!

Mike: Okay, well (pulls out a pen and a piece of paper) let's begin... what is your full name.

Dr. Cloggus: My name is DUM DUM DUM... DR. MILTON CLOGGUS, D.D.S.!!

Mike: Do you want me to add the DUM DUM DUMs?

Dr. Cloggus: Possible... how does it look in print?

Mike: Not so good.

Dr. Cloggus: Well, forget about it then.

Mike: So, you're a dentist?

Dr. Cloggus: Yes... Can you think of any other doctorate that's more diabolical?

Mike: I guess not, except chiropractors.

Dr. Cloggus: THEY ARE NOT DOCTORS! HOW DARE YOU SIR!

Mike: Right... Let me guess; they wouldn't let you take the test?

Dr. Cloggus: No.

Mike: And who is that you have with you?

Dr. Cloggus: This (holds up the rock) is Queenie, my pet rock.

Mike: (writing) pet... rock. And how long have you had your pet rock?

Dr. Cloggus: I've had her since before they were popular. I started the pet rock fad! It was all part of my evil plan!

Mike: So, you must be a millionaire.

Dr. Cloggus: IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE WOULD I BE A DIABOLICAL SUPER VIL-LAIN?

Mike: I guess not.

Dr. Cloggus: Now, my life story: I was born in 1945 in a small country called Benzelnainia. It's known for its production of Diabolical Geniuses. My mother was a gerbil skinner and ate garlic for every meal. My father was an insurance salesman. I played with the other kids on the island.

We would play your average games: Kill the Weak and Innocent, Hide and go DIE, Eat Broken Glass--that sort of thing. I went to school and I was the star pupil, after killing all the students in my classes. I graduated at the top of my class by killing everyone on the island! I came to America and set up my first base in Death Valley. I didn't have much money so I worked at McDonald's to make ends meet. I was fired for making threats to the costumers who asked for the ingredients to the special sauce, which is nothing more than three day old mayonnaise dried in the sun. Before being fired I had saved up enough money to begin my evil plan. See, at this time, I was working through night school, so I wasn't a doctor. I had a different name.

Mike: And what was that?



Untitled by Carlos Hernandez

Dr. Cloggus: I needed something diabolical... something so evil, that every man, woman, and child would cringe at the sound of it. I was then known as (he produces a high pitched squeal) EEEEEEE!

Mike: (holding ears) What does that mean?

Dr. Cloggus: It's the sound of fingernails being dragged across a chalkboard. Don't you recognize it?

Mike: And how many Es is that?

Dr. Cloggus: Seven.

Mike: (writes) Okay.... Proceed.

Dr. Cloggus: My first enemies were people like Ordinary Guy With A Large Head, and Tinfoil Man. I defeated them easily. My first challenge came with the one they call the Shingle Kid. He was a tough adversary. He could throw those roofing shingles with amazing accuracy. I suffered my first defeat. I went into hiding and finished night school. I was now officially a doctor. I needed a new name. I needed something evil, something crazy, and something to strike fear into the hearts of millions. I chose Dr. Diarrhea! BUM BUMM BUMMMMMM!!!

Mike: I am guessing it didn't work.

Dr. Cloggus: You try bounding into a room

announcing you are Dr. Diarrhea, and see how many people cower in fear. But, I fought many super heroes under the name. I fought people such as The Dairy Man, Captain Gnu-wave, Llama Boy. I felt the name was getting ridiculous, so I thought of something more annoying than fingernails on a chalkboard or diarrhea combined.

Mike: UPN programming?

Dr. Cloggus: No, but I thought about Dr. Homeboys in Outer Space for a while. Suddenly and without warning I thought... egad... stuffy noses!

Mike: Stuffy noses?

Dr. Cloggus: YES! Stuffy Noses!! I dreamt of a giant nose that was all stuffed up. Clogged, if you will, and a man came to me in this dream riding a giant flaming nostril! That's when I came up with the name Cloggus. And the rest is history.

Mike: And that's it? Thank God... (starts to pack up)

Dr. Cloggus: NO! Don't leave! Of course that's not it... That was 1985. After I changed my name and held many cities in terror, I was approached by Marvelous comics to star in my own comic. That branched off into a popular Saturday morning cartoon series. I was at the top of my game. But then disaster struck. I started doing drugs.

Mike: (suddenly drawn in) I would have never guessed.

Dr. Cloggus: Yes. I was doing Nyquil.

Mike: Red or Green?

Dr. Cloggus: Red.

Mike: Say it isn't so...

Dr. Cloggus: Yes. I, Dr. Cloggus, addicted to the red Nyquil.

Mike: Why not the green? Its horrible taste fits your personality.

Dr. Cloggus: (disgusted look) But I didn't like the taste. I KNOW! Embarrassing!

Mike: Wow. I never would have thought in a million years...

Dr. Cloggus: Say NO MORE!

Mike: No more. No more.

Dr. Cloggus: No, you idiot, do not speak of the Nyquil anymore! (Dreamy) She was a temptress with her big Q... Soon after I lost my comic and cartoon and was reduced to doing Toothpaste commercials.

Mike: But you turned your life around didn't you?

Dr. Cloggus: Yes. I began Rehab for Diabolical Doctors. We had many famous evil doctors come through. Dr. Strangelove, Dr. Doom, Dr. Laura, and even Dr... [sneezes]

Mike: Dr. Who?

Dr. Cloggus: No, he never came through our program.

Mike: So, the man's name was Dr... [sneezes]

Dr. Cloggus: Dr. [coughs twice] for short. He was an ENT and a proctologist, an evil one.

Mike: Well, it seems you have pulled yourself out of the sludge.

Dr. Cloggus: Yes.

Mike: Now, is there anything else?

Dr. Cloggus: Well, I have new plans for taking over the world.

Mike: Can you divulge those plans?

Dr. Cloggus: No. But I will say, that the world should be ready, cause the Rein of the Cloggus cometh as a thief in the night.

Mike: Well, Dr. Cloggus thanks for your time. It's been... real.

Dr. Cloggus: And hopefully this book sells enough to buy me a Delorian.

The End

Dancing with Myself

A Short Story by Henri Cheramie

Billy Idol said it best: "When there's nothing to lose and nothing to prove, I'll be dancing with myself." I thought about this and decided to try it out. Billy clearly lays down the instructions in his song. First I'd have to get a huge record collection, a mirror, take drink after drink and think, learn several different ways in several different languages to ask someone to dance. Then I'd have to ask the entire world to dance, get rejected and all alone, by my record collection, dance in front of a mirror, and sweat, sweat, sweat. As simple as it may seem, it soon became quite a lofty task.

The world travel was quite expensive. I had to sell everything except my house, my record collection, and my mirror. I took paid vacation time from my job as a twinkie filler, and started on my journey. I looked all over the world, and saw many, many, many types of girls. I asked them to dance, and got rejected by all of them. There were a few times when it seemed like I got a "Yes" or a "Si" or a "Oui." But that was usually feigned deafness, and she walked away. I also drank quite a lot, and thought quite a lot. Sometimes I'd think so hard, I'd pass out for days.

When I came back home, I was now prepared to dance with myself. I looked at my record collection and my mirror, but there was no dancing going on. That's when I realized: no music.

Unfortunately, Billy didn't stipulate that I needed a record player. That was an odd little lesson to learn, but hey! I was the student. This is what it was all about.

I went into my parent's attic and found a record player. I brought it back and found I had another problem: What album to put on. Again, here's where the lesson became awfully vague. I guessed it was up to me to pick. I put on the soundtrack to *Rock and Roll High School*. The music started, and now I was down to the final moment.

Dancing with one's self is quite a task. There are many things going into it. Though I knew there was nothing to prove and nothing to lose, but still, I didn't want me to think I was a bad dancer. I thought of what was my best move, and went for it. It was kind of awkward to ask myself to dance, but you know, sometimes you have to go for it. Much to my surprise, I said yes. I began dancing with myself! And I was sweating! I had certainly begun to sweat, sweat, sweat!

So, my excursion into the unfamiliar had been a good one. I survived dancing with myself, and felt much better about how I felt about myself. I had grown closer to myself than I ever had been. In fact, I think I'm going to do it again.



Man Seated by Carlos Hernandez

An Atrium Christmas

continued from front page



Homecoming Twenty-O-Six

Photography By Dr. Jim Kenny, Publisher & Matt Celozzi, Editor



Some of the sights from this year's Homecoming include: the crowning of Queen Dayna Roberts by Dean Tommy Taylor (center) and her court (bottom center) which includes (L-R) Kayla Mize and her father Carl, Megan Pike and her grandfather Walter, Roberts and her father Ed, Betsy Meadows and her mother Betty and Whitney Smith and her father Don. Also, on hand for a pep rally in the atrium were the men's and women's basketball teams, the cheerleaders and the Shelton State Starlets.



The Last Visit

A Short Story

By Melissa Chamblee

The thoughts of what she had just done raced through her mind; it was almost like a dream.

Clinching the steering wheel with sweaty palms, she headed towards home, cautiously staring at the car behind her; she wondered who it could be. It was a beautiful spring night, the full moon was out and the stars were shining brightly, but she could not think about that, not right now. Her mind kept going back to the events that had just taken place.

As she approached her turn she put on her blinker, only three more miles, she thought, as she prepared herself for the dreaded conversation that inevitably lay ahead. The ten minute drive was beginning to feel like an eternity as she neared her desired location.

She had made this drive a thousand times before but never, like this, never knowing she might never be coming back. The silver SUV made its way over the hill and the images of a large brick house on the corner began to come into sight. It seemed that every light in the house was on and by the looks of the drive way, everyone was accounted for. Turning into the driveway she began to replay in her

mind all the memories she had in this house. Nineteen years was a long time. The memories had been very pleasant ones. Pulling into her usual spot she began to look around and notice things she had normally never paid attention to. The

way with arching trees. She remembered that only a few years earlier her father had come speeding up that same driveway in her brand new car; she remembered the happiness she had felt as she ran out to greet him with a huge hug and kiss... So

hand on her lap and asked if she was OK. She replied with a soft yes, as the two got out of the car. Hand in hand they walked up the lighted sidewalk. In the corner of her eye she noticed the basement light was on. Peering inside the window

she saw her father working in his workshop. He was always down there at night working on some type of project--maybe it was to get away from everything and everyone; she never asked.

Approaching the front door things began to almost seem surreal. They both looked at each other and at once they opened the door and went inside. The smell of freshly baked cookies and the noise of children filled the air. The family dog ran up and began to lick

her hand, a friend that was always there to pick you up when you were down; she wondered if he could sense her anxiety.

Making their way down the hall, pictures of her three siblings lined the Victorian style walls.

Yes, it was a warm

house--you could tell a loving family dwelled there,

They approached the family room and there in the Queen Anne chair sat her mother watching the evening news. She was a soft-spoken woman with flowing blonde hair and deep blue eyes, just like her daughters. She arose from her chair and greeted them with a hello and asked how their evening was going.

Very good, they nervously replied as they stood by the big oak banister. They knew the time had come. The mother, sensing the tension in the air asked the two if everything was OK.

Then, with no other choice, they had to expel the truth. The daughter held out her hand and at that instant the mother knew why the two teenagers had been filled with such anxiety. The room was dead with silence as time began to stand still, the mother looked into the daughters eyes, and they all new at that moment, that things would never be the same. The daughter would never pull down that driveway everyday, or sit at the breakfast table each morning before school, or fill the house with her youthful laughter, no more dates, proms or parties, the time had come. She was no longer their little girl; she was an adult.



Untitled Painting by Kyung Ae Cho

tree house in the back yard her father had built for her when she was only seven years old, the flower garden that she and her mother, just weeks before, had planted. Feelings of guilt began to encapsulate her entire being.

Looking in her rear-view mirror she noticed the drive-

many memories. She knew that from this moment on things would truly never be the same.

She turned off the engine and with a long sigh she unbuckled her seat belt and nervously prepared to get out of the SUV. The figure in the passenger seat laid his

Christmas show.

The second act is a set piece as it follows, more-or-less, Dickens's tale while using the props and characters from other shows the community theatre troupe has produced.

Playing the harried and exasperated producer Julian Potter is veteran actor and teacher Benjamin Middaugh. He is so believable as to be in danger of typecasting at any moment.

A blend of Theatre Tuscaloosa regulars, Shelton and UA students and newcomers fill in the many roles very nicely. It's all great fun and competently conceived and created.

But before Peoria gets its peek, the playwright might consider focusing the work's humor.

The fiasco of the per-

formance is played for very broad laughs, including the "inadvertent" appearance of the stage manager who scrambles to get the right props on stage at the right moment.

One overall "quick" fix might be to somehow make the would-be thespians seem to be really trying--have the gaffs seem almost inadvertent.

Of course, that's easier said than done. And who's asking?

No one, so far...

A Dickens of a Carol continues with performances on Wednesday, Dec. 13 at 2 p.m., Friday and Saturday at 7:30 p.m. and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 p.m. Call the Bean-Brown Theatre on the Shelton State campus to reserve your tickets, 391-2277.

Peoria

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before it plays Peoria, much less the great White Way.

The premise of the play is a good one: through a series of improbable circumstances a small-town community theatre has to stage a Christmas show with one day's preparation and no script because it's the one event per year wherein they make their year's budget.

The play opens with a catchy tune conveying the universally felt truth that "Christmas comes earlier each year."

As Christmas reach at the local "Supercenter" extends into July, the local townsfolk are softening up the local producer for roles in the always-anticipated

WORLD PREMIERE!

A DICKENS OF A CAROL

by Stephen de Ghelder and Brad Simmons

Dec. 8 - 17, 2006

Theatre
TUSCALOOSA

Bean-Brown Theatre • Box Office 391-2277

Quest from Page 2

our spots.

Jonathan: So one person...

Short Guy in Red Cap: Yeah.

Jonathan: One person.

Pajama Boy: Yeah that right.

Jonathan: No, one person per spot. That's it.

Short Guy in Red Cap: No, he is holding his ***** spot

Jonathan: You can't hold multiple spots in line, one person.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Bull ***** dude. You're stupid.

Jonathan: 'Cause this guy here could say I'm getting ten of them and then we're all screwed.

Short Guy in Red Cap: He can't get ten of them--only one per person.

Jonathan: But he could have 9 people walk up tomorrow morning

Matt: When I walked up there were 5 people and you said there was already 14.

Jonathan: Yeah, you said there were 14 people in line. I counted 7.

Short Guy in Red Cap: There are.

Matt: Where?

Jonathan: I counted 7 people standing here.

Short Guy in Red Cap: You know people have to leave and go get food.

Matt: It doesn't work that way.

Jonathan: No, No, dude.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Oh, my ***** god

Jonathan: Have you ever done this before?

Short Guy in Red Cap: Were you here last night? Were you here last night?

Jonathan: Have you did this before?

Short Guy in Red Cap: Aight then. Shut the ***** up

Jonathan: Have you ever did this before?

Short Guy in Red Cap: Yeah, I done this all the ***** time.

Jonathan: You get out of line, you've lost your spot. I mean you've lost your spot, dude.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Aight, you and take

that *** **** camera off me because you know that that's uh....

Jonathan: No actually we're standing on a public side walk, so...

Short Guy in Red Cap: I... I... I... I have rights and I will not...

Jonathan: You're standing on a public sidewalk, so I mean you can stop me from uh, he's taking pictures, right, You know you can't stop me from taking pictures in public.

Pajama Boy: He just thinks this is funny as ****.

Short Guy in Red Cap: He is not in line. I don't really care. You know he is cool. I don't like you.

Jonathan: I mean, you guys lied to us. I counted 7 people.

Short Guy in Red Cap: People left and went and got food.

Jonathan: You don't... If you're standing in line that's the whole point.

Yellow Jacket: They have three friends, there are 3 of them, no wait 4 of them, 3 of them and us 2 that...that...that... 9 there.

Jonathan: Okay, how many here there is 4 of you guys, I see 2 people.

Pajama Boy: I'm glad.

Jonathan: I see 2 people.

Short Guy in Red Cap: I see four of you got eye problems.

Pajama Boy: People got school man. People gotta go to class.

Jonathan: You got school, you give it up. I mean that's the bottom line. You lost your spot.

Pajama Boy: Not everybody got.....

Jonathan: I had school this morning I have to go. I went to school this morning, you know.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Exactly. That's why you're not in line.

Jonathan: And that's the reason your friends aren't in line either.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Yeah, they'll be back

Jonathan: No.

Short Guy in Red Cap: They'll be in their spot.

Pajama Boy: I'm holding their spot.

Jonathan: No you can't hold someone's spot.

Pajama Boy: Why not?

Short Guy in Red Cap: Yeah, we can.

Pajama Boy: Cause it's there. Do you have laws-- do you have a book that's certified by the state of Alabama?

Jonathan: I got a camera that says...

Pajama Boy: That camera don't mean...

Short Guy in Red Cap: That camera don't mean ****, dude. What you gonna do?

Jonathan: And it says only two people stayed in line...

Pajama Boy: What ya gonna do, take it to Sony, you gonna take it to Sony?

Short Guy in Red Cap: You gonna take it to Patton Creek?

Yellow Jacket: We walked 20 feet to put stuff in our cars. That's.... 20 feet.

Jonathan: I don't care, dude. That's not the line. The line's up against the store right here.

Short Guy in Red Cap: Well that's ***** cool. You're not even in the ***** line

Jonathan: Well, no one else have come up.

Pajama Boy: Leave him alone and let him talk his ****. 'Cause you know that we'll get our PS3.

Matt: Hey, Jonathan (*Jonathan walks to the end of the line.*)

Yellow Jacket: We started this line at 7:30 last night.

Pajama Boy: Yeah, 7:30 yesterday.

Jonathan: Well, that's your mistake. You should have gotten the facts before you put tents up outside.

Matt: Wait, let me go talk to them like, seriously.

Jonathan: Hey, dude, you work here [to employee] You get out of line you lose your spot, right?

Employee: Hey, I just got here.

Jonathan: I mean seriously..

Post Script: After waiting in line for 18 hours, neither Jonathan, Matt, Pajama Boy, nor Short Guy in Red Cap got their quests fulfilled. So far as we know, only Yellow Jacket actually copped a PlayStation 3.

Want to flunk out of college?

A Short Essay for Ms. Becky Turner's English Class

By Ga'Lon Singleteary

I was going to write my essay on how to succeed in college, but when I thought about it, I decided to write about how to flunk out of school. It might seem like it's easy to just flunk out of school, but it's just as hard to flunk out of school as it is to succeed.

To successfully flunk out of school, you should not do any homework. Doing homework is showing the teacher that you're making an effort to learn, and you don't want that! Another good way to flunk out of

school is to fall asleep in class. There's no way you can know what's going on if you're sleeping. If these two methods fail then the last thing you can do is not go to class at all. If you don't go to class, there's more of a probability that you will flunk out than the first two methods. In fact, you can consider it a sure thing.

If you diligently use all of these three methods, you are guaranteed to successfully flunk out of school.

Maxwell's Gallery



All artwork by Laura F. Colbert, except Paisley's In Love by Tammy Anita Rice (above right), Vincent Price in a Pumpkin by Henri Cheramie (right), and Grapes (left) by Kyung Ae Cho.

